A

SATYR.

HIS Holineſs has Three Grand Friends
On *Great Britain* ſhore,
That proſecute his (and their own) ends,
A D. a Judge, and a Whore.

The D. is as true as Steel
To the Pope, that Infallible Elf;
Therefore no Friend to the Common Weal,
Nor no Friend unto himſelf.

The Judge is a Butchers Son,
Yet hates to ſhed innocent Blood,
But for Ten thouſand pound has done
The Pope a great deal of good.

He that Villain *Wakeman* clear'd,
Who was to have Poyſon'd the King,
As it moſt plainly appear'd;
For which he deſerves to ſwing.

Portſmouth, that Pocky-Bitch,
A Damn'd Papiſtical-Drab,
An ugly deformed Witch,
Eaten up with the Mange and Scab.

This *French* Hag's Pocky Bumb
So powerful is of late;
Although it's both Blind and Dumb,
It Rules both Church and State.

10. Jan. 16 80/79